

# Adam Green, Carolina

Carolina, she's from Texas  
Red bricks drop from her vagina  
Oh, her lips taste just like sunk ships  
But her breasts taste just like breakfast  
There's her hand now on the cock sock  
Filled with white tears from the thrift store  
She's an eyesore in her red dress  
I'm the ghost of her deceased when she said

Give us back our lives  
Leave him, Carolina  
Everything's just fine  
Refill my prescription  
Until next time  
I get so lost inside the rooms inside my mind

California presidente  
Cogi mucho estoy cansado  
Dostoevsky, Fab Moretti  
Antiseptic, complimentary  
There's her hand now on the cock sock  
Filled with white tears from the thrift store  
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Goodnight Sweetheart  
Flying high on birth control  
She knows the pregnancy will show  
That she smells nice when you look twice  
Who's your boyfriend, Carolina?  
And it's goodnight sweetheart  
Flying high on birth control  
She knows the rejections in her bones

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